

Eye Use and Abuse.

Those tired eyes of yours will stand lots of abuse, yet there is a limit to their patience and their power. You may worry along for quite a while, but there will come a time when you will regret your present indifference. Here are a few hints:—Headache, Dizziness—Aversion to Bright Light—Sleepy Feeling while Reading—Blurring of Objects either at close range or at distance—Frowning or Squinting—Smarting or Burning Sensation in or around the eyes—Fatigue or requiring stronger light when reading—Dark Spots floating or Bright Lights flashing before the eyes. These are but a few of the many symptoms.

Just think it over. I fit glasses for defective visions and eye strain—that's all, but a little piece of glass will work wonders.

I charge nothing for consultation. If glasses are not needed, I will tell you; if they are I will furnish them at a reasonable price. A trial is all I ask. Neither can you relieve the strain by "hoping your eyes will become stronger." Weak eyes, when in need of glasses, always go from bad to worse.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

A realistic and life-like reproduction of historic and dramatic events, scenes in foreign countries and frontier life interspersed with comedy and pathos, with occasional magic, including beautifully illustrated songs, are nightly features at the

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where projected on canvas 10x12 feet in size by the latest improved Edison Machine efficiently operated, is to be seen the best and plainest Moving Pictures ever before exhibited in Bryan. The Theatre is comfortably seated and equipped with Electric Fans. Good order being required and maintained by the management at all times.

White patronage exclusively except on Saturdays when separate entrance and division is provided for white and colored.

Daily Change of Program.

Show opens Monday to Friday nights inclusive at 8 o'clock p. m., closing at 10 p. m. Saturdays 10:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. The public cordially invited. Single admission 10c. Family circle of 5 or more half price. Weekly Tickets 25c.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Romance of the Duke de Richelieu and Mlle. de Rochechouart.

The Duke de Richelieu married when seventeen years of age Mlle. de Rochechouart, a little girl of twelve. As was the custom in the eighteenth century, the young bridegroom set out on his travels after the ceremony, and the child wife remained with his relations in Paris. Three years passed, and the duke then Count de Chinon, who had received many charming letters and a charming miniature from his wife during his absence, determined to return home.

On his arrival he was met on the grand staircase of the Hotel de Richelieu by his family, and, to his horror, instead of the pretty girl of fifteen that he expected to see, the count saw a little hunchback who was none other than his wife. The unhappy young man, who was horror stricken, left Paris that night and for fifteen years remained away.

The poor little wife possessed a beautiful and generous disposition, and, so far from being embittered by her husband's behavior, she did her best to prevent any family dissensions arising through it and went to live on her estate of Courteilles, near Paris. It is said that she was deeply in love with the duke, and in time the accounts of her unselfishness and devotion to his family so touched her husband that he went to visit her.

The first visit led to many, and this strange couple became firm friends, and just before he died the duke contemplated residing permanently at Courteilles with his wife, from whom he had fled in disgust many years before.—Chicago News.

TRANSPLANTED A POND.

Showing What an Enthusiast Will Do to Have a Garden.

Many a country laborer will do much for the sake of a garden, but few perhaps would be willing to go to such pains in the pursuit of their hobby as did an enthusiastic navy with whom Dean Hole once came in contact.

This man, having obtained the position of gardener on a railway, found himself the possessor of a barren gravel pit as an apology for a garden. The dean, who knew the spot well, visited it some twelve months after the man had taken possession, and the sight which met his eyes astonished him.

"Was it a miracle I saw upon the sandy desert? There were vegetables, fruit, bushes and fruit trees, all in vigorous health. There were flowers and the queen flower in her glory."

"Why, I exclaimed, 'what have you done to the gravel pit?'"

"Lor' bless yer," he replied, grinning, "I hadn't been here a fortnight afore I swapped it for a pond."

A further inquiry elicited the fact that this most ardent garden lover had, after an agreement with a neighboring farmer, removed with pick and barrow his sandy stratum to the depth of about three feet and wheeled it to the margin of an old pond, which had been gradually filled up with leaves and silt. The rich, productive mold from the pond he had taken home to his garden, replacing it with gravel and leveling as per contract.—Westminster Gazette.

Antiquity of Nicknames.

The origin of the word as well as the exact date of appearance of the custom of "nicknaming" is unknown. Such names are as old at least as the most venerable chronicles, for upon diving into ancient history we have no trouble at all in proving that Plato was called the "Attic Bee" and Socrates "Old Flat Nose." There isn't the least doubt but that many of our surnames come from nicknames applied to our ancestors, such, for instance, as "Dollabride," "Oxenrider," "Bright," "Lightfoot," "Walkingshaw," "Red-head," "Longman," "Longfellow," etc. Julius Caesar was popularly styled "Baldhead," and even the third Ramesses is said to have been known by an Egyptian word which signifies "limpy." No one has been able to escape the blighting or benign influence of the nickname. Kings, queens, philosophers, divines, statesmen, as well as many other eminent persons, have been made to prosper or suffer by having some appropriate or inappropriate sobriquet bestowed upon them.

THE "REGENT."

A Diamond That Restored the Fortune of the House of Pitt.

Men have never collected great crystals for personal adornment. Even that "fiddle in lace and spangles," the rival of Beau Brummel and afterward George IV. of England—even he sought them simply for some Peridita he was pursuing.

Louis XIV., le grand monarque, purchased twenty-five large diamonds, mostly for La Valliere, Montespan, Pontagnac, Maintenon. Among them was the wondrous "Pitt." A slave in India found it. Having found it, his heart shouted for liberty. Cutting the calf of his leg in order to hide the diamond within the slit, he limped to the coast. To an English ship captain he offered it for passage to any country where men were free.

The captain, quite casually and with nice humor, took the gem and threw the slave into the sea.

The guardian of such jesting release from servitude was sold to a dealer for \$3,000 and through him reached Sir Robert Pitt, governor of Port St. George, for \$102,000, who shipped it home to England to be faceted.

A Scotch financier, John Law, then doing business in France, negotiated for a fee of \$25,000 the sale of the diamond to the regent afterward Louis XIV. at \$75,000.

It is pleasant to remember that thereby the fortunes of the house of Pitt were restored and that the seller's son, William Pitt, and his grandson, the Earl of Chatham, were assisted to high place and service by opportunities made possible through the profit on the diamond for which a poor slave, seeking freedom, was thrown into the sea.—Everybody's.

AN IRISH DUEL.

Rules Were Ignored and the Meeting Had a Happy Ending.

A duel with a happy ending seems an anomaly, yet one is commemorated in Blackwood's Magazine in an article on Irish "fire eaters." The duel was arranged was between John Egan, a county judge, and Roger Barrett, master of the rolls. Both men were humorous, and the meeting upon the fair ground of Donnybrook was characteristic.

Upon the combatants taking their ground Barrett, who was the challenger, promptly fired without waiting for the signal to be given and then walked coolly away, calling out:

"Now, Egan, my honor is satisfied!"

The judge, however, was by no means contented and shouted: "Hello! Stop, Roger, till I take a shot at your honor!"

Barrett thereupon came back and, planting himself in his former station, said composedly:

"All right, then. Fire away."

Egan presented his pistol and, taking most deliberate aim, first at one part of the anatomy of the master of the rolls and then at another, seemed determined to finish him outright. At last, however, he cried out:

"I won't honor you! I won't be bothered shooting you! So now you may go your own way or come and shake hands with me, whichever way you like best."

Barrett chose to shake hands, and amidst the plaudits of the crowd the antagonists departed from the field in such good humor, the best of friends.

Just Pleasantness.

Perhaps just pleasantness has not a very heroic sound, but the human heart that, knowing its own bitterness, can yet carry itself cheerfully is not without heroism. Indeed, if that human heart does no more than hold its tongue, bunt its own aches and pains it has a certain moral value that the world cannot afford to lose. "Pleasantness" does not sound as well as self sacrifice or wisdom or spirituality, but it may include all these great words. And certainly just to start one's husband out by his work cheerily, to make the hobbledehoy of a son feel a gentler and sweeter sentiment toward women because of his own mother's sound, sweet gaiety and strength, to help one's servants to put good humor and friendliness into their services—these things make for righteousness in the world.—Margaret Deland.

It Didn't Work Out Just Right.

I saw the best of intentions become a veritable boomerang on Broadway the other night. A policeman had arrested for some small disturbance two well dressed men who had evidently had too much, but were facing the inevitable trip to the station without any further fuss. A friend saw their plight and rushed up.

"Officer," he piped in a peculiarly effeminate voice, "I beg that you will not arrest these men. Why, they are no more drunk than I am."

"Oh, very well," said the cop. "I'll take you too."

And he did.—New York Telegraph.

Nothing Was the Matter.

"A newsboy I knew," said a yachtman, "took to the sea. He became cabin boy on a tramp collier. He was a good boy, but—"

"Once, when our white squadron was at Newport, this collier steamed in her slow way shoreward with her ensign upside down, the signal of distress—distress of the direst. Instantly a pretty sight was to be seen. Every warship in the fleet lowered a lifeboat, and all of those beautiful, snowy boats, manned by jackies in spotless white duck, raced for the grimy old collier at breakneck speed—a pretty sight indeed. The captain of the collier stood on the bridge. He waved his hat, and the crews pulled all the faster. As they drew close they heard the man's cries.

"Come on! Pull! Get down to it!" he roared, dancing about wildly.

"What's the matter, captain?" the first officer to reach the collier asked breathlessly.

"Why, nothing's the matter," the captain answered in a surprised voice.

"Then why's your ensign upside down?"

"The captain looked aloft, then frowned.

"It's that boy Hank again," said he. "And here I thought it was a regatta."

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.

The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Conte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation:

"A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varsin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically:

"Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Faithful to His Trust.

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone. The sandwich, however, appearing intact as in the beginning.

"Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy with some curiosity.

"Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

Where Women Swim Best.

"The Korean women are the best swimmers in the world," said a life-guard. "The Korean pearl diving is in their hands. They swim—they don't boat—they swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quelpart, lugging baskets with them. After this swim of half an hour they dive down fifty feet and fetch a queer one-shelled pearl oysters as big as babies. They dive till their baskets are full—the baskets are corked to keep them afloat—and after three or four hours' work they swim back home with their catch. The big one-shelled oysters are valuable as pearl mines and as food too. A half dozen Koreans will sit down to an oyster as gayly as you or I sit down to a broiled lobster. Sometimes when the great shellfish is eaten raw it quivers and means slightly as the knife is plunged into it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Man and the Lion.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

Very Queer.

"My husband has been out late every evening this week attending important club meetings."

"Yes, so has mine. They belong to the same club, you know."

"Why, how queer! My husband says he hasn't seen your husband in six months!"—Cleveland Leader.

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